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# Northern Messenger

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O SING · VNTO · THE · LORD · WITH · THANKSGIVING
SING · PRAISES · VPON · THE · HARP · VNTO · OVR
GOD · HE · MAKETH · PEACE · IN · THY · BORDERS · AND
FILLETH · THEE · TH · THE · FLOVR · OF · WHEAT ·

—'Presbyterian Banner.'

## THANKSGIVING.

(Charles Mackay.)

'Lord, we are thankful for the air,
For breath of life, for water fair,
For morning burst, for noonday light
For alternation of the night,
For place in Thy infinity —
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

'For years and seasons as they run,
For wintry cold and summer sun,
For seedtime and the autumn store
In due succession evermore,
For flower and fruit, for herb and tree,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

'For beauty and delight of sound
That float the universe around —
For carol of the happy birds,
For fall of stream, for gush of words,
For music of the earth and sea,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

'For daily toil that we endure,
For labor's recompense secure,
For wholesome zest of appetite,
For food and drink, and slumbers light,
For vigorous health and pulses free,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

'For fellowship with humankind,
For pure emotions of the mind,
For joy that were not joy sincere
Unless for sorrow's previous tear,
For hope and love and sympathy,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!

'For conscience, and its voice of awe—
Thy whisper when we break Thy law—
For knowledge of Thy power divine,
And wisdom, mighty as benign;
For all we are, and hope to be,
Lord, we are thankful unto Thee!'

## Thanksgiving at the Scudders.

(Mrs. Celia M. Stone, in 'Christian Advocate.')

'Come, Mary, the children are asleep; let's talk over our Thanksgiving dinner. What are we going to have?'

'That's just what I have been thinking of to-day,' said Mrs. Scudder, seating herself by her husband. 'How much is there to buy with? There can't be much, but we'll make it go as far as we can for the children. Let's have a chicken—a big one; for the children are growing so fast that it must be larger than last year's. Then a few cranberries; and do you think we could afford a few sweet potatoes?'

'Yes, there's still more,' said Luther Scudder, who sat with pencil in hand, calculating the probable cost.

'Then I'll make a large plum pudding (just as mother used to). Is there any money left now?' she asked, laughing.

'Yes, just enough for some nuts and candy and a few grapes. I am always glad when the children can have a little treat, they have so few. By the way, Mary, I saw Lizzie Crosby's children today, and it almost seemed to me that they looked hungry.'

'I'm afraid she hasn't had much sewing lately,' said Mrs. Scudder, and added hastily, 'Poor Lizzie, she had her husband last Thanksgiving. Oh, Luther,' she said, suddenly, 'what would life be to me without you?' and with a sob she laid her hand on his arm.

'Or to me without you?' and, covering her hand with his they sat in silence some minutes. 'Mary, is there any way we could invite them here?'

She sat in thought for a minute, and then said, 'Let's drop the sweet potatoes and the candies and grapes, and have another chicken. No, better still, a duck. Now, isn't that good planning?' she asked.

A troubled look passed over his face. 'Are you sure the children would want to go without their candies for the sake of those children?' he asked.

'I know they would, Luther;' and then she added, 'There are a dozen pears that grew on that little pear tree. They are just ripe now. We will have them. You'll see Lizzie in the morning, and invite her, so that she won't have to plan for any dinner.'

'Certainly. Why, Mary, I did not know it was so late. Please pass the Bible.' It seemed always within reach of Mary Scudder, and opening it to one of the joyous Psalms, they read it together.

As Mrs. Scudder sat busy with her work the next day a little girl came running in, and throwing her arm around her mother's neck, said, 'Mamma, what are we going to have for Thanksgiving? All the girls at school are talking about what they are going to have. Cora Davis says they shall have oysters and turkey and chicken and wine jelly. Would you have that, too, mamma?'

'No, dearie.'

'And Lottie Grant says they'll have everything the Davises have, and they'll have splendid pudding with brandy sauce. She says she likes that better than turkey. Mamma, would you have that?'

'No, indeed, dearie!'

'Well, what shall we have?'

'Something good that I hope you will like. A chicken and a duck.'

'A duck, mamma! I never ate any of one.'

'Well, they are good, and we'll have cranberries and a pudding full of raisins, just as my mother used to make when I was a child.'

'Oh, won't it be lovely? Shall we have any nuts and candies?'

'Margaret,' said Mrs. Scudder, 'which would you rather have? All the candies and nuts you could eat, or have not one and invite Gracie and Henry and their mother to our Thanksgiving? We can't have both.' She waited only a minute for the reply:

'I would a great deal rather have Gracie and Henry.'

'I thought you would,' said Mrs. Scudder, kissing the upturned face. 'Now run and play until supper time.'

One door had hardly closed on the little girl when another opened to admit Mrs. Scudder's sister.

'I heard you singing, Mary, and walked right in. Making pants to-day?'

'Yes, those you gave me are fine ones. Plenty good for Ned to wear to church.'

'I came up to order my turkey and other things, and thought I would drop in on my way home. Have you ordered yours, Mary?'

'No, we are not going to have one.'

Margaret Lester looked at her sister compassionately. 'I should think, Mary, if you can't have a turkey and have to work as hard as you and Luther do, that you'd think you had not much for Thanksgiving.'

The tears sprang to Mrs. Scudder's beautiful eyes. She leaned over and touched the golden curls of her baby sitting at her feet, saying:

'Every day is Thanksgiving with us, because we have him, and he is no dearer than the others.'

Mrs. Lester was not quite convinced; so she added, 'You may not miss the turkey, as you won't have any company.'

'We have invited Lizzie Crosby and her children to dinner.' The sisters soon parted, and an hour later Mrs. Lester sat at a bountiful table alone with her husband.

'James,' she said, 'I called at Mary's on my way home. They are not going to have a turkey on Thanksgiving. I don't know when they have had one, but they have invited Lizzie Crosby and her children to dinner. I am all out of patience with them! They scrimp themselves for other people right along. I wish they would take more comfort themselves.'

James Lester sat a few minutes in silence. Then he said, slowly: 'Mary Scudder is very like your mother. You know how ready she always was to help everybody. Don't you remember how old Mrs. Bixby used to say that when your mother sat in the old meeting-house and sang she looked to her just like an angel? I think Mary and Luther have been wiser than we. They've given themselves, and we've saved what we could get so as to leave a good deal. By the way, I heard from Brother William to-day.'

'What does he write?' asked his wife.

'I think he must be very feeble. Says the doctors say there's no organic trouble, but he seems discouraged. Asked all about the trees in the orchard, and if it was pretty as ever around the spring. Has a son and daughter ready for college, but he can't help them any.' Mr. Lester got up and walked over to the window, and added, 'William did a great deal for me when I was a boy.'

Margaret Lester sat in deep thought for some time. Then she rose, and laying her hand on her husband's arm, said: 'I think you're right about Mary. She's got the most of life of anyone I know. James, let's send for William's family to come to Thanksgiving, and then stay until he gets well. If he can roam over the old homestead, he may get well soon. Oh, James, write to-night and send them the money to come with. And, James, when you go for our turkey, couldn't you get one for Mary, too?'

'I was thinking of that,' he said.

A day or two after Mr. Lester walked into Mary Scudder's pleasant kitchen. 'Here, Mary, are a few things for the children's Thanksgiving. Please empty the basket, for the boy is waiting outside.'

'You'll have to lift the turkey for me. I never saw such a large one. Where did you find it? Oh, what delicious candies! How the children will enjoy them! James, we can't ever pay you, except with gratitude.'

'Don't, Mary; if it hadn't been for your thinking of Lizzie Crosby and her children, we might never have thought of William's folks. You know, he's very feeble, but the whole family are coming to spend Thanksgiving with us and stay until he gets well. God bless you, Mary, for what you have done for us!' and he was gone.

Mary Scudder took up her beautiful baby, hid her happy tears in his golden hair, and baby heard her whisper, 'O God, this is the best Thanksgiving I have ever known.'

## Hast Thou Walked with Him?

(The Rev. I. Mench Chambers, in the 'Episcopal Recorder.')

Hast thou walked long with the Master,
  By the paths His feet once trod,
There to learn the secret meaning
  Of a life control'd of God?
'Tis in these diviner pathways
  Love fulfils the king's request,
And lets fall her benedictions
  O'er the needy and oppressed.

Hast thou walked long with the Master,
  As He soothed the troubled soul?
Hast thou felt the Saviour's pathos
  As He said to such, 'Be whole'?
If thou hast then thou canst visit
  Human sorrows as did He;
Thou canst bind the broken-hearted
  As did Christ of Galilee.

Hast thou walked long with the Master,
  Underneath a heavy cross,
There to learn with Him the meaning
  And the pain of human loss?
Ah, 'tis here we learn far better
  What of sacrifice it cost
God's own Son, the Christ, the Saviour,
  To redeem and save the lost.

Yonder from the shore celestial,
  As of yore by Galilee,
Let us hear the Master calling,
  'Child of earth, come, follow Me.'
Follow as the Spirit leadeth,
  In those ways my feet have trod;
Find therein the path of promise,
  Leading upward unto God.

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# BOYS AND GIRLS

## 'Boney.'

(Lelah R. Benton, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

The November sun shone brilliantly in the avenue the day before Thanksgiving, but in the alley just off the avenue, around the corner from Victor Gray's beautiful home, it did not shine at all. Everything seemed gloomy down there and had a forsaken look. The little children poked blue noses out of the dingy houses and stood shivering at the end of the alley where they liked to gather to watch the well-dressed people hurrying along the avenue to their warm homes.

At nearly every one of the big houses, to-day, grocery waggons were unloading Thanksgiving goodies for the morrow's dinner, but not even a turkey wing to sweep the ashes from the hearth seemed to be coming the alley children's way. And Thanksgiving this year was to have been such a Thanksgiving as had never been seen in that particular alley. Victor Gray was to have given the alley people the present he had promised two years ago when he went away to college. But it was a blue lookout for presents now, for Victor had been brought home ill and at this moment lay in his mother's house without interest in anybody or anything, wasting away with the fever that had come upon him, and on account of which the doctor had sent him home from studies before he had had the chance to win the gold medal his proud friends had hoped would be his. When the alley people first heard that the doctors shook their heads in doubt over the question of his recovery the women all burst into tears, the fathers turned away with a whisper, 'Poor lad,' and the children looked white and frightened. 'No kindergarten of our very own now,' they sobbed; 'No factory,' added the men; 'Oh, his poor mother,' cried the mothers.

How did kindergartens and factories depend on a boy? Well, it's quite a story, and begins back when he was 'little Victor' to everybody. He was always a very thoughtful child, therefore many called him 'a queer child,' especially those of his rich friends whose hearts had never been touched by the poverty around the corner. When Victor was a very small boy he used to almost daily go to the corner of the alley and call the children to share the fun of playing with some new toy he had. When he grew older he visited the children in their homes, and was a missionary to those sad homes, dispensing his loving smile and sympathy with generosity to all, and he had been heard to say again and again, 'Some day I will do some real lasting good in this ugly alley.' He saw plainly enough that many of these poor people lived in rags and dirt only because they had lost the heart to live in any other way, for the houses in the alley were all such old, ugly, tumble-down places that cleanliness would hardly make the rooms any better to live in. The windows were broken, the roofs leaked, the cellars were full of water and this made the alley very unhealthy. Then the fathers could not get work, so the mothers went out washing and had to leave the children to run on the streets and grow up with no tender, watchful care. To tear down the old houses, put up new, cosy cottages, to give the fathers work, and get a kindergarten started for the children—that was what was needed to make the alley a happy, home-like place—but it would take money, and Victor had no money of his own.

When he was sent away to school he did not forget Slimmon's alley, and each holiday when he was at home he took many walks through it and looked in on some of the poor families with the kind, loving smile they knew so well. It was during one of these holidays that Aunt Betsy came to visit Victor's mother. She had not seen Victor since he was a child and had forgotten how he used to be talking so much of the poor alley children, until one day, when he had been out for some time, she asked him where he had been, and was surprised to learn that he still called the people in the alley his neighbors and thought it his duty to go and see them often.

Later in the day she said to him, 'Now, Victor, to-morrow is your birthday, and I want to give you as handsome a present as ever you had in your life. You shall choose it yourself. No matter what it costs, your dearest wish shall be gratified. Of course I know you will use good judgment and not name the half of my fortune—I trust you that much, so think hard and tell me to-morrow what you want most.'

Victor looked at her with his thanks in his eyes and was seen to be very busy with pencil and paper, doing a great deal of figuring all that day. After breakfast the next morning he asked his aunt to go for a short walk with him and promised to tell her what his birthday present was to be before they came back. She put on her bonnet and leaning on her tall young nephew's arm, for Aunt Betsy was quite an old lady, she found herself being led into Slimmon's alley!

When she came back she went to her sister, Victor's mother, with tears in her eyes. 'What do you think!' she said; 'that dear boy of yours says I am to please give him whatever money I was going to spend on his birthday present and he will use it in getting at least one or two comforts for those alley people. It depends, he says, on how much I give him, as to what he will do with it. Isn't he a noble boy?'

Aunt Betsy gave her nephew a hundred dollars and there was never a happier boy in the world as he carefully laid out the money in as wise a way as a boy could with the advice of his mother and aunt.

The old shoemaker had his wornout tools replaced, and a neat sign put up for him in front of his door, the crippled woman was given a pair of beautiful crutches, the widow who knitted what stockings for sale her rheumatic fingers would let her was supplied with a little knitting machine so she could easily earn her living now, the children of the alley all received something, and in some of the barest homes not a few comforts in the way of bedding and fuel and food and clothing gave a little relief. But when the money was all gone Victor was not satisfied—in his heart he thought, 'O if I had a thousand dollars, to make this street over into a place of happy, pretty homes, with a kindergarten school right in the middle of it all!' But to his Aunt Betsy he only said, 'Thank you! Thank you!' in warm gratitude for his birthday joy.

That was not the end of Aunt Betsy's goodness. When she died it was found that she had left Victor a very large sum of money, but he was not to get it till his twenty-first birthday. This came along near Thanksgiving time, and it was this he had in mind two years ago when he told the alley families 'to keep up their courage for a couple of years yet,' when he left home for school, meaning to make it a joyful Thanksgiving indeed for everybody. His mother was good and charitable, and she could not fulfil Victor's plans if he died, for she had only a little money of her own, and Aunt Betsy's money was to pass to a cousin if Victor did not live till his twenty-first birthday.

'If he could be made to rouse up and fight against this exhaustion,' one doctor had told his mother, 'there might be hope for his recovery, but you see he just lies there, too weak to care for anything, and will slowly sink away in that state. Is there nothing he is particularly interested in that you could talk to him about so he might feel as if he had something to live for—as if he must live! Get that determination in his head and I believe it would save his life.'

So the mother talked to her boy as she sat by his bedside, talked softly, of the men who had become famous in business or in learning, of how she needed him to be her support, for the father was dead. But Victor lay still and white. 'I am so tired,' he would whisper, weakly, 'so tired,' and his mother was forced to let him sleep again.

Down in the kitchen Mrs. Murphy was finishing the day's washing, and her little girl, Mimpsy—how the child got such a name nobody knew—had come up from the alley to peep in the back door, as she did two or three times a day if she could find any excuse at all. It was a very poor excuse this time, indeed, nothing but a ragged-eared, dingy-looking boney specimen of the cat tribe. 'Boney's come back, ma!' shouted Mimpsy, holding the wretched kitten up.

'Land sakes, child! Did you come way up here to tell me that? Here, ask Annie to give it a drop of milk and then you must take it right home again.'

Annie, the kitchen maid, brought out some scraps for the cat and all three stood around and laughed to see how it smacked its lips over them.

'I am ashamed of you,' said Mimpsy, as she sat down on the doorstep with the kitten a few moments after, for she did not mean to go home till she was made to do so. 'What makes you smack your lips so when you eat—nobody never teached you nothing, I don't believe.

The kitten did not answer, it did not intend to tell where it had been before wandering into Slimmon's Alley, but it was not necessary to say much about its earlier career—anyone could see it had been an alley cat from its babyhood, been born in a coal bin, likely, and never had enough to eat at any one time yet. No wonder the children in the alley who claimed it by turns had named it Boney when they first saw it—its bones stuck through its skin almost, and it had a hungry face.

Boney, however, was a wise little cat, and having got a peep into a house that promised more comforts than his various homes in the alley, did not intend to leave it till he proved its hospitality further; so when Mimpsy was warned for the third time by her mother to be off home, and had got up to go, the kitten leaped out of her pinafore in which it was being wrapped, and ran into the house. Mimpsy went after him. He ran into the hall and, unseen by Mrs. Murphy, Mimpsy tiptoed in, too. Up two steps, up four, up ten, ran Boney, and after him went Mimpsy, thinking that he would let her catch him at every step; but Boney was quite chirked up after his lunch, and just as she was about to put her hand on him away he would bound, tail in air, and a look of mischief in his big eyes. 'Oh, dear,' thought Mimpsy, 'where is he going? If I can only get him before anyone finds out we're here!'

Boney gamboled along the upper hall in high spirits. He had never walked on such soft floors before—he had not known till now that there were such things as carpets—and he saw an open door ahead of him with pretty, soft mats laid down here and there on the other side of it. In he went and, looking around, saw a beautiful sofa near the window. The pillows on it were of silk, pink, blue and gold, and with the prettiest tassels on them! Just the things to play with! And he knocked them up and down till Mimpsy, trembling at her boldness, came near. Then he gave a jump and, monkey fashion, went half way to the top of the window by way of the lace curtains. Mimpsy burst into tears.

'Oh, dear, Boney,' she sobbed, 'do come down and go home with me.'

Boney sprang down and looked at her invitingly, as if to say, 'Why don't you come and get me?' and Mimpsy rushed forward to seize him, but with a leap, he landed on the bed—and then Mimpsy saw, for the first time, the pale face on the pillows.

She held her breath! Oh, dear! this must be Mrs. Gray's sick son for whom the door-bell had been muffled and the voice of everyone in the house hushed into whispers. Trembling with fear as to the great amount of harm she had done she stood, her hands wrapped around and around in her pinafore and misery in her face.

Something far different from fear showed itself on Boney's saucy countenance. Gaily he gamboled up and down the ripples of the counterpane over Victor's very toes—and Victor—burst into a laugh!

'Little girl,' he asked feebly, 'is that your kitty?'

'Oh, please, yes, but I can't catch him to take him away!' she gasped, and once more, with outstretched hand, she crept towards the kitten. Boney turned his head and cast a withering glance at the coaxing hand and was off the bed like a shot. Around and around the room he tore like a mad thing, leaping over stools, jumping on the velvet chairs and down again, and at last, with a bound, up on the headrest of the sofa again, at the best amusement of all, knocking the tassels of the dainty pillows about with his paw, while he kept sharp lookout from the corner of his eye for the enemy.

'What fun!' his whisking tail said very plainly and up the lace curtains he clambered as Mimpsy came near. She shook the curtain gently, and Boney had to leap for life or tumble in her arms. He was equal to it, however, and shot clear over her head on the top of the low footboard of the bed, where spitting and spluttering he scrambled to an unright position, and sat looking at the sick young man with all the dignity and wisdom a ragged little rapscallion of an alley cat could scare up. For the second time Victor burst into a laugh.

Then his mother came hurrying in, and Mimpsy began to cry loudly, while the cause of this trouble turned his ears back as far as he could get them, which gave him an air of great surprise, and gazed up at the wall, the curtains, the pictures, anywhere but at the people around him, by which unruffled indifference he made himself appear the most innocent little rascal ever looked upon.

Victor held up a poor weak white finger and stayed the exclamations on his mother's lips. 'One of my alley friends, mother,' he whispered, as she bent over him; 'and there's another,' and he pointed to the cat, who took on a beautiful expression of innocence and goodness.

'Raise me up,' were the next words he said, 'and tell her not to cry,' meaning Mimpsy.

So the poor mother put a pillow under his shoulders and then went to poor Mimpsy with words of reassurance; while Boney made up his mind that there was a very soft spot higher up in the bed which would be just the right place for a tired kitten; so up he walked, tickling Victor's toes on the way with his uncertain wanderings along the bed coverings. Before he got to the cuddling down place, under the pillow edge, he saw a handkerchief that had been dropped on the bed by Victor's mother, and he pawed it around so curiously and suspiciously that Victor smiled again in glee. He was very weak, of course, but the faint flush on his cheeks and the brightness of his eyes gladdened his mother's heart, and she liked the little, saucy kitten that had called so much life back to her boy, and she got a ball of cotton and tied a string to it, and then wasn't Boney in his glory! Backwards and forwards, up and down, with all the somersaults he had ever practised on the roofs, after the ball as it swung to and fro, he went, and even Mimpsy forgot the whipping she was likely to get at home and joined in the merriment.

But presently Boney felt a pang under his ribs and he gave a hungry miaouw. He had played his cold lunch away and it was time to go to the kitchen again.

Victor understood. 'Get him something good, mother,' he whispered. 'Get Mimpsy some, too.'

Then he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing two hungry little creatures feasting on such dainties as they had hardly dreamed of before—jellied chicken, custard, creamy milk and eggs beaten up together; Mimpsy finishing up on white grapes.

Before they were through Victor fell asleep from weakness, and then his little unbidden guests were taken home, but neither were even scolded when Victor's mother told of how the sick son had smiled and talked a little for the first time in many days. Moreover, Mimpsy was invited to come again in the morning and to be sure to bring Boney with her! Perhaps Boney wasn't watched all the rest of the afternoon and evening! He was shut up in a box over night so he couldn't run away, and he was wrapped so tightly in Mimpsy's apron the next morning on the way to the avenue house that when he was let out his fur was so ruffled up that he looked just like an old moth-eaten muff! Milk and cold chicken quite restored him to good nature, however, and then he followed Mimpsy quite willingly up stairs to the pretty room again.

The doctor was there and he stood for a while to watch Boney's antics, and when he went away he said to Victor's mother, 'That is a wonderful cat—he has saved your boy's life.' Then the little alley cat had a new experience. He was picked up in a lady's arms, pressed against her soft cheek, and felt tears of joy dropping on his rough fur, which so sobered him that he crept into a wrinkle of the bedclothes under Victor's hand and sang himself to sleep with a rasping, roaring purr that set the listeners to laughing again.

'Oh, mother, I had really forgotten all about my alley people,' 'Victor murmured, as he lay with one white hand on Boney's happy head and the other arm around his mother's neck, for mamma had laid her face on his pillow to hide the rest of the tears that Boney had objected to. 'I must hurry and get well and strong again for their sake. I can do so much now with Aunt Betsy's money to make the alley a better place. I don't know how I could have forgotten. Why, to live to do good to my old friends will be far better than winning a gold medal. Mimpsy shall go to school, we shall have such a pretty kindergarten room, shan't we, motherie?' Then he added, 'Send to the grocery, mother, dear, for the Thanksgiving feasts for them. Oh, I must get up—how I wish I could get up!'

But Boney didn't wish so. He was so comfortable! How he stretched out his thin legs and curled them up again in the blissful warmth he had never known before. Oh, if he could but live here all the rest of his life!

He did. Mrs. Gray adopted him and got Mimpsy a lovely little dog to take Boney's place in her heart, which quite suited her, for the dog learned to carry her school books right to the door of the school and to call for her again when lessons were done to accompany her home. Boney could never have done this—indeed, he liked looking after his own comfort first, and if you could see him now, basking in the sunshine in the drawing-room window of Victor's home, a great, lazy, soft and very thick-furred cat, weighing twelve pounds and not an ounce less, you would say he had looked after it pretty well. But doesn't he deserve every bit of his happiness? Go down to Victor street (it used to be Slimmon's alley, mind you), and peep into the little, cosy brick cottages, the kindergarten room done in blue and gold tintings, the factory at the end of the block, where every man living in the street has been given good work and good wages, and ask the rosy children, the happy mothers, the grateful fathers, if Boney didn't do it all, just by that saucy jerk of his saucy tail in his gay kittenhood, the day before a Thanksgiving such as Slimmon's alley had never enjoyed before.

## Dorothy's Turkey

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

(Alice E. Allen, in 'Sunday-school Times.')

Two weeks before Thanksgiving, the letter came from grandma asking papa and mamma and Dorothy to spend that day with her in the country.

'Grandpa and I can't eat our big turkey and the pumpkin-pies all alone. Besides, Jeremiah wants to see Dorothy. So, daughter, thee must all come,' wrote grandma in her quaint Quaker way.

Jeremiah was Dorothy's own pet turkey. She had selected him herself from all the others because, she said, 'he was the fattest and the speckledest, and he had the biggest gobble.'

He was a beautiful turkey, and perhaps no one knew that better than Jeremiah himself. He had soft brown and white tail-feathers, and a fine red crest. And, strange to say, he grew very fond of Dorothy. He would come to the back porch and call, 'Gobble, gobble,' until she came out. He would eat corn from her hand, then he would strut proudly about the yard close to her side.

Five days before Thanksgiving, a big express package came from Cousin Mabel in the city. It was addressed in big black letters to Dorothy herself.

Her own eager little fingers cut the stiff cord and pulled off the heavy papers. Then such shouts and screams of delight reached mamma, at work in the kitchen, that she left her pies and came flying in.

On the floor sat Dorothy. A little ruffled gown lay on her lap. A long cape, with a pretty plaid hood, was over her small shoulders. A big soft hat, with 'really and truly' feathers, was on one side of her yellow head. Dorothy nerself was unwrapping a package. When the contents of this were disclosed, she dropped everything else, and scampered round and round the room, waving, before mamma's astonished eyes, a pair of dainty kid boots and two long stockings. And everything, from the gown to the tiny boots and gloves, was red,—Dorothy's own bright beloved color.

Of course, Dorothy wore her new finery on Thanksgiving Day when she went, with papa and mamma, on the early train to grandpa's.

And almost as soon as she had kissed grandpa and grandma, and had hugged the old white cat and each one of her big family of white kittens, she slipped out of doors to find Jeremiah.

Across the yard she sped. The sun peeped under the big hat to find the cheery little face, which always had a smile for everyone. Jeremiah peeped out too from behind the corner of the barn.

The flying litle figure came toward him, waving its tiny gloved hands coaxingly, and saying, in the sweetest of voices:

'Jeremiah! Jer-e-mi-ah! Why, what's the matter? Don't you know me, dear? It's Dorothy come to see you.'

At the first sound of the voice, Jeremiah had raised his stiff red head and his pretty, proud tail threateningly. Then, in spite of the disappointed little quaver which crept into the winning words, he flew at his little friend, bristling all over, and gobbling his loudest, fiercest gobble.

Poor little Dorothy turned and flew back toward the house, Jeremiah in swift and angry pursuit.

The pretty cape blazed out behind like a big bright flame. The hat hung only by its ribbons, its long red feathers flapping like the petals of a fiery flower.

Dorothy might have been mistaken for little Red Riding-Hood herself flying from a hungry wolf.

'O mamma, mamma, mamma!' she wailed, 'Jeremiah doesn't love me any more at all. Oh, dear! oh, dear!'

Grandma ran to the window. There was Jeremiah stalking about, his ruffled tail and blinking, beady eyes still showing signs of anger.

'What did you do to him, dear?' asked mamma soothingly.

'Just called him, and wiggled my fingers —so.'

Grandma looked at the disconsolate little red figure. Suddenly she smiled.

'Daughter,' she said, 'hasn't thee an old gown of Dorothy's in thy satchel?'

Mamma looked surprised. Then she laughed.

'Yes,' she said.

So the old gray gown was put on. Next, the black stockings and the well-worn black boots. Grandma wrapped her own little shawl of soft gray wool about her small granddaughter's shoulders, and set an old felt hat of grandpa's on the yellow curls. Then she gave her some corn.

'Now go find Jeremiah,' she said.

'Jeremiah—Jerrie—come, Jerrie. It's Dorothy—see, Jerrie.'

Mamma and grandma, watching from the piazza, saw Jeremiah come slowly up to the little girl. He looked her all over carefully with his queer, distrustful eyes. Then, with a low 'gobble, gobble,' he bent his proud head and ate the corn from the soft, pink palm.

When it was all gone, the two—Dorothy and Jeremiah—started off to find grandpa.

'It was just my red dress and cape and things,' said Dorothy at dinner, 'that Jeremiah didn't like. Turkey's don't ever like red, grandpa says. I'm so sorry, but they can't help it; it's just the way they are made,—grandpa says so.'

At Christmas, Dorothy had her photograph taken to send to grandpa and to grandma, and, in spite of mamma's coaxing and explaining, she could not be prevailed upon to wear the new red gown.

'Jeremiah will be sure to see it, mamma,' she said, shaking her head soberly, 'and you know he doesn't like red.'

When the photograph came, with a letter explaining why Dorothy wore her every-day gown, grandma smiled over her spectacles at the sweet, sunny face, and said:

'Grandma's like old Jeremiah, little grand-daughter, she likes thee best in thy little, old, gray gown.'


## A Bagster Bible Free.

Send eight new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' for remainder of 1903 at ten cents each, or four new subscriptions at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.


## How the River Helped Out

(Hattie Lummis, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

There are boys who are so unfortunate as to have no home, but Joe had two, and he could hardly have told you where he belonged. His grandmother thought she had the best right to him, while his mother was sure that hers was the first claim. And Joe swung back and forth between the two houses like a rather jerky pendulum.

Both of Joe's homes were on the river bank, but that was not strange, for the village followed the river in all its turns, and seen from above, would have looked very much like a long, winding serpent.

Grandmother Turner lived on the Flats, where the bank was so little above the river level that a heavy rain brought the water into her backyard. Joe's other home was a mile further down the stream and on higher ground.

One of the attractions at Grandmother Turner's was a boy neighbor just Joe's age. His name was Hugh, and he and Joe had been friends before they could remember. Their curls had been cut on the same day, and when Hugh was promoted from pinafores to trousers, Joe was only twenty-four hours behind him. They were in the same class at school. They learned to swim the same summer. They had boated and fished and gone berrying and nutting together always. There was a fence between the two yards, but the gate stood wide open. That is to say, it had stood wide open until the quarrel began.

It would hardly pay to tell what the quarrel was about. Indeed, Joe's story was quite different from Hugh's, though both boys meant to be honest. At first it did not seem to be a very serious matter, though in the games at school Hugh no longer named Joe first, when it was his turn to 'choose up,' and Joe, for his part, seemed unaware that such a boy as Hugh was in existence. When Hugh went out on the river in his boat, Joe took to the woods, while if the indications were that Hugh was going nutting, Joe got out his fishing tackle. But little was said on either side, and it seemed probable that the unpleasantness would wear away after a time, until one Saturday, when Joe went up to his grandmother's for dinner. The moment he stepped into the yard he saw that something had happened. The gate was shut for the first time since he could remember. And this was not the worst. As Joe went closer he discovered that a nail had been driven over the latch to hold it down. Nothing could have said more plainly that the old friendship was forever ended.

Joe's heart gave an angry thump. The red blood rushed into his face and blotted out the freckles. He clenched his fists and glared across the pickets, but Hugh was not in sight. Then Joe recollected that he had a piece of black crayon in his pocket, and producing it he proceeded to draw upon the gate a very unflattering likeness of a long-nosed and large-eared individual. When he had completed his sketch he wrote underneath, 'H. J. Sneak,' and went to the house, with the miserable satisfaction a boy sometimes feels when he has given rein to his worst impulses.

That afternoon the other side of the gate bore the likeness of an extremely round personage, done in red chalk, and with the inscription underneath, 'J. T. Fatty.' And Joe, whose plumpness was a sore point, ground his teeth and vowed he would get even. After that the boys exchanged no words, but plenty of angry looks, and each had plans for the humiliation of the other.

'He can keep his gate shut if he wants to,' Joe told his mother. 'I wouldn't go through it if it stood wide open.' And Hugh said to his friends, 'If he waits for me to unfasten that gate he'll wait forever.' Foolish promises, they were, but they might have been kept if the river had not helped out the two boys who had been such loyal friends.

The golden autumn weather slipped by, and the bleak days set in. Morning after morning, Joe woke to hear the patter of raindrops against his window. But the gray sky and the bare earth seemed quite in keeping with his mood. When a boy lets anger and revenge into his heart, he finds them troublesome tenants. Joe's mother hardly knew what to make of a son who was so unlike his usual sunny self, and his grandmother insisted on dosing him with sulphur and molasses every time he came to see her.

One Saturday morning Joe woke to find the sky clear. It had been raining most of the week, and the river was high. 'It's full of drift-wood,' Joe's mother said at breakfast. 'If you could gather up some, Joe, it would be quite a help for the fires.'

Joe was pleased with the suggestion. He was in the restless, unhappy mood when he was glad of the chance to do anything which would keep him from thinking about Hugh. As soon as breakfast was over he went out in his boat and began to capture the pieces of wood that were floating by. Some of it had evidently been cut for firewood, and showed that the wood-piles along the river had suffered. Others were rails from fences and planks from walks. Joe avoided those pieces which looked as if they had been in the water for a long time, and selected only those which could be dried easily. He had carried several loads to the shore when something happened which so surprised him that he came near falling overboard.

He had rowed a little way up the stream to meet a piece of driftwood which was coming down, when, as he glanced over the side of the boat his eye fell upon the inscription, 'H. J. Sneak,' and then he became aware of a hideous face grimacing at him from under the water. It took him a minute to understand it. The water had risen and carried away the fence between his grandmother's home and that of Hugh's father. Hugh had shut the gate and nailed down the latch, but now gate and latch and all were gone.

The gate was heavy, and Joe had some difficulty in getting it upon his boat, but when he took up his oars again his heart was full of a strange triumph. He told himself that he would make a bonfire out of the gate, and burn up everything but the latch and the nails. But when he came to the landing where he had unloaded his previous cargoes, he sat thinking. All the fall he had fancied that he was eager to 'get even' with Hugh, but he knew now that what he really wanted was to end the foolish quarrel and have his friend back again. Now the water had carried away the fence, that gate would never be locked again, but the barrier between Hugh and himself was as strong as ever.

The current had carried him down stream as he sat thinking, and he took up his oars and pulled hard to make up the ground he had lost. But, strange to say, he rowed past his home. When he had passed the first bend of the river he stopped again and took out his knife. He could not bear to row a mile, staring at that ugly face he himself had drawn, and which he had labelled 'H. J. Sneak.' Joe scraped away at the work of his hands till only a few confused lines remained and then took to his oars again.

It was a long hard mile Joe covered in the next half hour. The current was strong, and it was impossible to dispose of his unwieldly cargo, so as to make the boat set properly in the water. He was obliged to keep out of the way of the larger driftwood which floated past, and once an uprooted tree came sailing down the stream, claiming the right of way. Joe pulled close to the shore, but the long branches found him out and the twigs scratched his face like the claws of some unpleasant animal.

The water was so high at the Flats that Joe rowed about to Hugh's back door step, and he was just unloading when Hugh came to the door. The two boys stared and each waited for the other to speak. But it was Joe who said, rather huskily, 'I found your gate on the river and I've brought it back.'

'The fence is gone, too. A gate's no good without a fence.' Hugh noticed that the likeness of himself on one side of the gate had been scratched out, and he wished he could do as much for the red chalk picture on the other side.

'I suppose you'll build the fence again,' Joe suggested. 'The gate'll come in handy then.'

'No, siree, we won't build that fence again. And I'm going to chop up the gate for firewood.' Hugh vanished into the woodshed and came out with the hatchet, and Joe after one look at the face of the other boy, said, 'Wait a minute, and I'll get grandmother's hatchet and help.' And when the job was finished, Hugh got into Joe's boat and went home with him for dinner.

That was the end of the gate which had been the cause of so much heart-burning. But even after the river had done its part, it was necessary for the boys to get rid of the fence of angef and pride which was between them. But while the chips flew from the old gate, the other barrier went down and Joe and Hugh have made up their minds that it shall never be built again.

## Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

## Jim; a Small Mudlark.

(May Mavis, in 'Canadian Baptist.'

My little congregation! That is what I called them. And what minister, I wonder, could desire a more attentive audience! Blue eyes, gray eyes, brown eyes, black, all fixed earnestly on teacher.

Would you like to hear of some of my congregation, mere Kindergarten tots though they be?

Well, there was Jim, a small 'mud-lark.' Early one morning, as I entered the school yard, I saw Jim, its sole occupant, approaching, with arms outspread like a wind-mill.

'Good morning,' I said, as the arms came around me vigorously, and I looked down into a pair of smiling blue eyes with oh, such a dirty frame of face and hair. 'You are early this morning. Do you live far from here?'

'Nope!' said Jim, still hugging and beaming upwardly.

I gently disengaged the dirty little paws, 'Did you wash these this morning, I wonder?'

Jim shook his head, in the vigorous style that characterized all his actions. 'Do home and det em washed,' he said, taking the hint.

'I think you would have time,' I said, 'let's see how quick you can be.' Jim was off like a shot.

I entered the kindergarten, and in busy preparation for the day's work, forgot for the time being my small urchin.

The opening bell had sounded and I was standing at one end of my long class, when I was attracted by a peculiar sound at my elbow, a sound evidently intended to attract.

Looking down—'Jim!' I gasped, 'I hardly knew you.'

It was quite true, though the compliment, for such I intended it, might be considered a doubtful one.

Could this be Jim, this pink and white skinned, fair-haired boy, with the long lashes shading eyes that at least were recognizable, though nothing else were!

'Oh, Jim,' I said, 'I wish you always looked like that. Let me see your hands now!'

Here a fresh surprise awaited me. What soft, white little things they were! Why, what a pretty boy Jim was. I never thought of it before. Jim returned my glance of admiration with one of eminent self-satisfaction and delight, and for the rest of the morning was on his good behavior.

The next day he again brought clean hands, though his face left room for improvement, but when the Sunshine Song was sung, and the time came for the waving of handkerchiefs, the small boy produced an article that literally made me shudder. He seemed ashamed of it himself, poor little fellow, and thrust it back into his pocket hastily.

'Is that the only handkerchief you've got, Jim?' I asked, when the other children were not listening.

Jim nodded.

'Ask mother to wash it, will you dear?' I said, and quickly changed the subject.

I felt my wrath rising inwardly, at thought of the parents who neglected the child to such an extent, for his whole appearance indicated neglect, although not

lack of money, as I pondered some way of helping him.

Inquiries had produced the fact that his father had work and the house which he pointed out as his home was a respectable one, quite lacking any signs of destitution or poverty. Owing to certain reasons I did not feel at liberty to call at the child's home; I therefore determined an another line of action; and this is what I did.

I secured Jim's address, and that afternoon set out to make some purchases. They were not extensive, but, considered from an artistic standpoint were satisfactory.

They consisted of two small handkerchiefs, one, a study in bright red, depicting some children, presumably of a civilized nation, although with red skins, red hair and red attire, at play, on a glowing background of sky, trees and grass.

The other, of white cotton, with a border of animals' heads in purple, and with the name of each animal inscribed underneath in three languages, English, French and German.

I was afraid Jim would not appreciate this last, but I did, and spent some time in the study of this very interesting menagerie.

Finally, I folded the handkerchiefs, placed them in an envelope, and sent them off to Jim without a line as to their origin; then awaited results.

The next morning as I sat at the table facing the school yard, I saw Jim enter, with his hand in his blouse pocket. I nearly chuckled aloud, but I had entered the conspiracy alone and did not wish to betray myself, so I merely looked again. He was coming into the Kindergarten; he did not stop to play as usual, but seemed uncommonly dignified, and—his face was washed and his hair brushed.

'Good for you, little Jim!' I thought. 'It has started to work.'

I saw, out of the corner of my eye, for it was not my purpose to notice him at once (for fear, as I said, of self-betrayal) that he had entered the room and sat down at his own place, his hand still in his pocket.

The next time I looked over, he was the centre of a group of children, and the red handkerchief was outspread before him.

I had found some business in that part of the room by this time, and went over. 'Good morning, little ones,' I said, as I passed the group.

'Who have got nice clean hands this morning?'

Jim's were eagerly displayed among the rest.

'And what is this?' I said.

Jim pounced upon the handkerchief and held it up to full view.

'It's Jim's,' said the children, 'ain't it lovely!'

Jim evidently considered it so, and would allow no one to touch it but himself. Every time it was taken out of his pocket (which was frequent) it was carefully refolded, replaced, and held there, and when the Sunshine Song was sung, who so proud as Jim, waving this glorious flag aloft?

'Dot anuvver one at home,' he said, after a while, with the air of one overwhelmed with possessions.

'Have you, Jim?' I said, in a tone of interest, 'and what is it like?'

'Dot animals' heads,' was the reply.

'And which one do you like the best?'

'Dis one,' he said lovingly.

No correct clue had been gained at home, much to my relief, as to the source of the mysterious gifts, Jim saying the postman had brought them from his 'tousin.' But it was the handkerchiefs themselves that interested him, and not where they came from.

And they seemed to have accomplished the purpose for which they were intended, the child instinctively feeling that the rest of him should be in keeping with the natural appointments of a gentleman. 'How far his mother was influenced I don't know, but certain it is (and this is a true tale) that Jim appeared for some time with clean hands and face and brushed hair, clothes and boots.

Then, alas, the handkerchiefs went the way of all Jim's other possessions; they became soiled and were either lost or discarded, and I was debating the question of 'what to do next' when he was promoted.

The next guide took him out of my hands, and my little 'mud-lark' disappeared, smiling; throwing kisses from the dirty little paw that was slipped next moment confidently into the new teacher's hand, while he looked up with those ingratiating blue eyes which seemed to ask for tolerance for even such an uncleanly little rogue as he.

'Dear little Mud-lark!' I thought with a lump in my throat, 'I hope she will be good to you. Sometime I must look you up again.'

## Do It Well.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we know was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship he could go on with his course. A well-known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

'Nobody gets perfect marks in everything,' the boy objected.

'That is nothing to the point,' said the teacher. 'You are perfect in my recitations; do so well in the others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now, begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence.'

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in his class; he gained his scholarship, and, more than that, he acquired a character that has since won him a shining success.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

## Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

## A Pretty Good Day.

(Frank H. Sweet, in 'Good Cheer.')

'Turn out, boys; turn out!' roared Farmer Briggs's voice up the narrow stairs, and, with varying degrees of promptness, the occupants of the four beds in the long, unpartitioned attic found their way from between the warm sheets to the cold floor.

It was still dark, and they had to feel their way to their clothes, and then, with boots in hand, down the yet darker stairs to the kitchen. Tom came first, with his broad shoulders almost filling the doorway, then Joe, and Will, still rubbing his eyes drowsily, and last of all, bright-eyed, thirteen-year-old Fred.

But Fred was not last because he, too, was drowsy. Oh, no; just now he was very wide-awake and alert. He had not preceded the others, because he shrewdly thought it might run counter to his present hopes—he wanted to be with the crowd, and rather inconspicuous. One year before he had been thought far too young for this particular work; now, with the twelve additional months to his credit, he hoped that he might, as he expressed it slip in.

Although they had been called no earlier than usual this morning, all the boys knew perfectly well what the work was to be. During the two previous days had come the first heavy fall of snow, and that meant all other work would be dropped for sledding home the winter's wood, which had been cut at odd times during the fall.

As there were fifteen or twenty cords of it, the work would last nearly a week, provided the sledding remained good. It would be hard and laborious, and the hours long, and, from previous experience, the older boys did not show much animation. Fred, however, had never helped to sled home wood, so his eyes snapped with anticipation, and he watched his father covertly.

But the farmer's first words dispelled any illusions he might have had.

'Now, boys, jump into your boots and wash up, then put down all the breakfast you can. We shan't get back until after dark. Tom, you'll take the steers; they're a little skittish. Joe'll take red oxen, and I'll drive the spotted ones—they're hardest to manage. Will can help Joe. And Fred—where's Fred? Oh, there he is. Fred, you'll have to look out for all the farm and house chores till we're through. Don't forget anything, and be sure and keep your mother in plenty of stove-wood and chips. It's too bad weather for her to be out. Now, hustle, boys! make the minutes count!'

Fred drew a long breath, but he did not say anything. That was not his way. Besides, it would have been of no use with his father. It was not his way, either.

He went with them to the barn, and began his chores by the light of a lantern. When he had finished there, and turned the cattle out to water, and raked down hay for them from the stack, and looked after the poultry and the wood, and cut up turnips and pumpkins for the cow's midday meal, it was after ten o'clock.

He would have two hours before it was time to do the noon feeding, and after that, perhaps, two more before the night chores should be begun. But in that time would have to come the wood-chopping for

the next day's fires, and such chores as his mother might have for him about the house.

So he went directly from the pumpkin-cutting to the shed where the saw and the saw-horse were kept. But as he was about to open the door, he heard an anxious—

'Fred, o-h, Fred, come here a minute!' from the house. Turning, he saw his mother at an open window, a letter in her hand.

'I don't know what to do about this, Fred,' she said, as he approached. 'It's the notice from the bank, and this is the last day for the interest to be paid. Your father must have forgotten it in his hurry to get into the woods. I found it a few minutes ago on his desk, and here's the thirty dollars in the envelope just as he put it in when the notice came. I heard him say then that the money must be got to the bank before it closed this afternoon.'

She looked at him doubtfully, adding:

'If it wasn't for the chores, and the bank being three miles off! You couldn't go all through this snow and back in two hours, and your father never wants feeding put off, even for ten minutes. He says that it hurts the cows.'

'The money must go,' said Fred, quickly; 'as for the chores—why, of course! I can go on the skees that Uncle George sent me. The snow is hard enough, and it's downhill all the way. I can go in ten or fifteen minutes, and if I hurry, I can walk back by noon. Give me the envelope.'

He took and fastened it securely in an inside pocket, then hurried after his skees. In another two minutes he was skimming swiftly down the slope.

But though it was easy going, it was not easy coming back. When he reached his home it was a few minutes after twelve. He did not even enter the house, but hurried on to the barn. When the feeding was done, there was the wood to cut for the next day, and that finished, it was time to begin the night's chores. When finally he staggered, rather than walked, into the house, it was again dark.

'Why, you poor boy!' exclaimed his mother, 'you're all tired out.'

Fred tried to whistle, but failed.

'Yes, I am a little tired,' he acknowledged, dropping into a chair, 'but I don't mind it much. I've had a pretty good day. It's only when a fellow looks ahead and thinks about work that he dreads it—I—' But he stopped suddenly. He was sound asleep.

Soon after the creaking of the returning sleds was heard. When Farmer Briggs and his boys came trooping in, Fred was still asleep.

'Poor little fellow,' said his mother, softly, 'he's worked as hard as any of you, if he hasn't been in the woods.'

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The school board of Oconto, Wis., has begun war on the cigarette, and announces that any pupil using the weed in any form will be expelled. Dealers who sell tobacco to minors will be prosecuted. It is said that some children in every grade of the public schools constantly use tobacco.

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

## The Cheat Cheated.

The boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher into believing that he had solved his problems, and completed his tasks himself, led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned, and to shirk his day's work, until he finally lost his position.

His lack of education—the result of cheating his teacher—has proved a perpetual handicap, and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the schoolroom, has grown until nobody will trust him, and he has no credit or standing in his community.

As a boy, he thought himself very clever in being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher; but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth he robbed himself of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity often thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for the theft.—'League Journal.'

## Judged by His Schoolmates.

(George Bancroft Griffith, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A custom which is unique among the schools of the country has been observed with the best results for forty-five years at the Chauncey Hall School of Boston. It is a vote by the boys and girls of the school for the BEST boy in school. No conditions are imposed, save as they are implied in the explanation which is given to acquaint the young people with the purpose of those who established the practice.

Each pupil is free to vote for any of the school who has been a member for any length of time. It has been the custom to select a boy from the oldest class, but it is not compulsory to do so.

Former members of the school, not all of the same class, but intimate friends there, believing that a prize given on the principles they propound, would help in developing a manly spirit at the school, began the practice of giving a medal to the boy who receives the plurality of the votes of the school as the best boy.

At noon the scholars were gathered in the schoolroom last term, and after other business (including an explanation of the medal system of the school, based on absolute not relative merit, so that a medal is within the reach of every pupil), the principal explained the intent of the gentlemen who gave the 'best boy medal.' 'This does not mean,' said he, 'the best classical scholar, nor the most noted catcher or pitcher at baseball, nor the ablest mathematician, nor the best-drilled soldier, nor the most elegant declaimer, nor the fastest runner, nor the most accurate Shakespearean scholar, nor the pluckiest fellow at football.

'You young boys will do well to vote for the person who seems nearest to what your father and mother want you to be—what you mean to be yourselves when you are in the first class; and you, young girls, will do well to vote for the boy who comes nearest to being what your parents are trying to have your brothers become.

'The older scholars are tolerably familiar with ancient and modern history. Vote for that one of your number whose character comes nearest to the noblest men of whom you have read.'

All the school sat upright, with military precision. Their officers passed the ballots, and each pupil prepared his own.

At the head he put his own name and the number of years he had been in the school; below, the name of his choice for the prize. Each ballot counts as many units as the scholar casting it has been years at the school.

After the votes were cast the school was marshalled from the room in regular order and the result was made known at the next exhibition.

By long experience, it is found that the pupils select a boy who is deemed by the teachers to be worthy of the medal, thus proving that the sense of honor is the same with boys as with grown people.

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Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

## 'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 10, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The London Weeklies on Mr. Balfour's Pamphlet—The 'Saturday Review,' the 'Pilot,' the 'Spectator.'
Small Beginnings and Big Results—The 'Pilot,' London.
A Consolidated British Empire versus American Good Will—The 'Sun,' New York.
The Macedonian Question—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Turkish army of To-day—By Reginald Wyon, Special Correspondent of the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Government and the War, Lord Roberts's Story—The 'Westminster Budget.'
An Ancient Cornish Game—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Norwegian Politics—By R. A. A., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A War Artist's Recollections—The 'Standard,' London.
Punch at Home—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Pictures of Old Doorways—The 'Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Autumn Bonfires—Poem, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
Twilight—Poem, by H. D. Lowry, in 'the Pall Mall Magazine,' London.
The Eighteenth Century—Poem, by Armine T. Kent in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
Killoolcet, the White Throated Sparrow—Poem, by Bliss Carmen, in the 'Youth's Companion,' Boston.
Samuel Johnson—An Interesting Anniversary—By I. S., in the 'Morning Leader' London.
The Return of the Native—By John o'London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Poverty or Riches?—By Verax, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Mankind in the Making—The 'Morning Post,' London.
In Scutari—By Reginald Wyon, author of 'The Land of the Black Mountain,' etc., in 'Chambers's Journal.'
Bible Requirements for Colleges—New York 'Daily Tribune,' New York,' Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

British Association at Southport, Geology—The 'Times,' London.
The Heavens in October—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American.'
Physical Effect of Colors—'Medical Talks in the Home.'

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# LITTLE FOLKS

## Tabitha.

Tabitha was a half-Persian cat of tortoise-shell complexion. When I first saw her she was what is generally known as 'a stray'—a poor, homeless, half-starved pussy, so timid that she fled if any one approached her. She used sometimes to come into our garden, and her pitiful appearance appealed to my mother's tender heart, and aroused in her a desire to feed "the hungry.' So a saucer of milk and a plate of scraps was put in a sunny corner some little way from the house, and Tabitha found them as she passed through the garden, and, oh! how she enjoyed them. After this a meal was put out every day, and we gradually coaxed her into friendly ways, and although she never came into the house, we always called her our cat.

For a long time she had come every day for her food and had slept in our shed, which had a convenient hole by which she could enter, when, one day, she did not appear.

We felt a little anxious, but decided that she must be watching the hole of some troublesome mouse who would not come out; but next morning she did not come for her breakfast, and I went to school with a heavy heart, full of fear that our Tabitha had come to grief somehow.

However, about the middle of the morning, mother, working by the window, saw her come over the fence and go into the shed with something in her mouth; and concluded that it was the mouse for which she had been watching. Glancing out of the window again soon after, she saw Tib come out of the shed and go over the fence again, only to return shortly with another something in her mouth, and mother, looking more carefully, had doubts about its being a mouse and when the cat again came out of the shed, and popped over the fence, she went to the shed and looked in. There, in a slight hollow in the darkest corner, were two kittens.

Mother ran upstairs and watched to see whence Tib had brought these, and soon saw her come over the next-door fence, cross the next garden, stopping for a rest midway, get over our fence, and go into the shed with her third treasure.

It was a long while before she again appeared; mother decided that that must be the whole family, but it wasn't. Poor Tabitha! out she came again, over the two fences and back again, rather more slowly, with two rests instead of one, but arriving safely in the shed at last with the last kitten.

We heard that she had placed her family in the shed belonging to our neighbor next door but one, who had turned them out on the grass, as she did not want them in her shed, and would not drown them.

## A Nice Holiday.

'Hurrah!' sang Elsie, 'a letter from grandpa!'

'What is in it?' said Bob. 'Do read it quickly, mamma, dear.'

'Grandpa says that you were such good children when you stayed with him last year that he would like you to go again,' said mamma, when she had read the letter.

'Oh, how jolly!' said Elsie and Bob together. 'May we go, mamma?'

'Oh, yes, I think so. I am glad you were so good last year. If you had not been good grandpa would not have wanted you to go again.'

What a nice holiday Elsie and Bob had! Quite near grandpa's house there was a beautiful field where they could have splendid games, for Thanksgiving came early enough for them to be out of doors all day long. Then grandpa knew so many stories that Bob said he was quite as good as a story-book. And I am sure that grandpa was very sorry when it was time for them to go home again.—'Our Little Dots.'

Of course, this performance quite won our hearts, and puss was much caressed and petted. Some little while after she conquered my father's objections to maintaining a cat, by killing a large rat.

When we moved, soon after this she moved also in a large hamper, and whether it was because she was fond of us or because we kept her in the cellars till she got over the fright, she never attempted to return to her old home.

On one occasion one of her kittens got lost. We and she hunted high and low and in all the fields which surrounded our house, but no kitty could we find. Tabitha was very unhappy, but could not help us at all, and at last we gave up the search. About the middle of the afternoon (the kitten was lost before breakfast) Tib came to mother and mewed, and ran away and mewed and fidgeted, until mother said: 'I believe she wants me to go with her,' and went. As soon as the cat saw she was understood she trotted away, often looking round to make sure she was followed, out of the front gate, along the road, into the front garden of a neighbor's house, where she sniffed about and mewed, and, to mother's delight, there was an answering mew. She went round the corner into an adjoining field, but for a moment saw nothing but a heap of chalk. Suddenly a little head peeped out, and there, in a hollow behind the chalk, was Kitty. We never knew where she spent the morning, for she certainly was not behind the chalk, for we had looked there.

For a long time she had her bed in a small out-house, which had a proportionately small sash window. Here mother used to put her to bed and shut the door and window. If she bolted the window she found Tib indoors all right in the morning; but if, as often happened, especially after the catch got broken, the window was left unfastened, some how or other that cat managed to open the upper part and go out.

At last our poor, clever Tabitha was half-poisoned, as so many poor cats are, and, after trying for months to cure her, with no good results, for she got worse rather than better, we sent her quietly out of the world, not without tears on our part.

One of her kittens, now a matron nearly five years old, has done her best to fill her place, but though she is a dear cat and has the peculiarity of being musical (if any one sings shrilly or whistles, especially the latter, no matter whether she is asleep or awake, she cannot keep still, but begins to fidget and purr, finishing by settling in the whistler's lap and often putting her face right against his lips, presumably to get as near the music as possible) she is not quite so clever as her mother, who will live in our memory as the cleverest cat we ever possessed.—'Band of Mercy.'

## What Do They Think of Yours.

(By Mrs. Martha A. Cochran, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

'I wonder what kind of a mother that boy has.'

'It is easy to guess.'

Two boys were playing marbles as two ladies came slowly along the walk. Just as they were passing one of the boys jumped up with an angry face.

'That isn't so, Jack Pieree, and you know it.'

'It is,' cried Jack. 'I beat you fair. You're mad because you're beaten. You always get mad.'

The angry boy struck his companion and ran away.

Will and Harvey had been watching the game and heard the remarks of the ladies. Later in the day the two were talking with their mother and told her of the little occurrence.

'They talked as if Rob had a poor sort of a mother,' said Will. 'And that isn't so. Mrs. Spencer's a real nice woman, and ever so kind to us boys.'

'And so good to Rob,' chimed in Harvey. 'It's a shame for folks to say such things.'

'But it is a very natural thing to say,' said mother. 'Don't you know that most people judge of a mother by what their children are ?'

'Oh mother,' said Harvey, in grave concern. 'Do you mean that people will think that of you if we are not good?'

'Certainly they will, my dear, if they think at all about it.'

'I never thought of that,' said their sister Elsie, coming up and laying her head on mother's shoulder.

'They shan't dare to think you're not the best mother in the world,' said Will fiercely.

'It is for you, dears, to show what kind of a mother I am,' she said, putting her arm around Elsie.

'Mrs. Spencer does try to make Jack good, I know,' said Harvey. 'She talks to him about his temper and he promises, and then when he gets angry he forgets and flies up again.'

'So, by his not heeding her talk he leads people to misjudge her.'

'We don't any of us get into passions, like Bob—' began Will.

'No, but what do people think when they see a boy in school so full of fun that he neglects his own lessons and leads others into trifling, to the great annoyance of his teacher ?'

Will gave a rueful little shake of the head.

'Or when a boy goes to school with rough hair and unblacked shoes, and keeps his desk in such disorder that his teacher writes a complaint about it ?'

'That's me,' said Harvey, meekly.

Or when a little girl—'

'Don't say a word, mother,' pleaded Elsie, hiding her face. 'I know I've had bad lessons all the week, just because I've been sewing for my new doll and never went to study when you told me.'

'Well, I'll tell you what.' Will braced himself up, if any one, because of me, has been thinking poorly of my mother it's time I was facing about, and that's what I'm going to do.'

'Me too,' declared Harvey.

'And I,' said Elsie.

'But don't,' said mother, 'begin your improvement simply because of what people will think. Try to go right because it is right—to be good rather than to appear good. Then there will be no doubt of what will be thought of mother.'


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LESSON V.—NOV. 1.

## David and Absalom.

II. Samuel xv., 1-12.

## Golden Text.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Ex. xx., 12.

## Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 26.—II, Sam. xv., 1-12.
Tuesday, Oct. 27.—II. Sam. xv., 13-23.
Wednesday, Oct. 28.—II. Sam. xiii., 19-27.
Thursday, Oct. 29.—II. Sam. xiii., 28-39.
Friday, Oct. 30.—II. Sam. xiv., 12-24.
Saturday, Oct. 31.—II. Sam. xiv., 25-33.
Sunday, Nov. 1.—II. Sam. xiv., 1-11.

1. And it came to pass after this, that Absalom prepared him chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him.

2. And Absalom rose up early, and stood beside the way of the gate: and it was so, that when any man that had a controversy came to the king for judgment, then Absalom called unto him, and said, Of what city art thou? And he said, Thy servant is of one of the tribes of Israel.

3. And Absalom said unto him, See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee.

4. Absalom said moreover, Oh, that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!

5. And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him.

6. And on this manner did Absalom to Israel that came to the king for judgment: so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.

7. And it came to pass after forty years, that Absalom said unto the king, I pray thee, let me go and pay my vow, which I have vowed unto the Lord, in Hebron.

8. For thy servant vowed a vow while I abode at Geshur in Syria, saying, If the Lord shall bring me again indeed to Jerusalem, then I will serve the Lord.

9. And the king said unto him, Go in peace. So he arose and went to Hebron.

10. But Absalom sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel, saying, As soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron.

11. And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem, that were called; and they went in their simplicity, and they knew not anything.

12. And Absalom sent for Ahithophel the Gilonite, David's counsellor, from his city, even from Giloh, while he offered sacrifices. And the conspiracy was strong; for the people increased continually with Absalom.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

### INTRODUCTION.

We have seen how David sincerely repented of his sin and was forgiven, and have noted his great joy over pardon and salvation. But, while God pardons the sin and saves the soul, he does not always prevent sin from bearing its natural fruit in this life. If he did so, the terrible nature of sin would not be comprehended by men. So in this lesson we find the fruits of evil taking form.

Absalom, one of David's sons, had slain his half brother, in revenge for an outrageous crime, and had fled from the country. For three years, he remained at the court of his grandfather, Talmai, King of Geshur, in Syria, for his mother was the daughter of a heathen king. The influences Absalom would encounter at the court of Talmai would be apt to be far from the best.

If you will read chapters xii., xiii. and xiv. of II. Samuel, you will get from the events there set forth a clear idea of the situation at the time of our lesson.

David's son could hardly have been unknown to Absalom, and certainly would have tended to undermine David's influence for good with this son.

David's influence over the people seems to have been waning, as we notice from this lesson, and the unprincipled Absalom now takes advantage of this condition to promote his own interests. The date of these events is not certainly known.

### THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1. 'And it came to pass after this, that Absalom prepared him chariots,' etc. 'After this' refers to the final outward reconciliation that took place between Absalom and David, II. Samuel xiv., 32, 33. Absalom prepared chariots and runners. He is described as possessed of an unusually perfect and beautiful body, and he now adds royal display to personal charm to impress the people and further his own treacherous designs.

2-4. 'Beside the way of the gate.' This refers to the custom of transacting important business at the gateways of cities or public buildings. Here Absalom met those on the way to have their controversies judged by the king.

'There is no man deputed of the king to hear thee.' Absalom would side at once with anyone who came on such an errand, giving him his sympathy, and then express regret that the king had no regularly appointed judge to deal with such matters. It would hardly be possible for David to deal fully and justly with every case presented to him, and this undoubtedly was a source of irritation to the people. Absalom shrewdly takes advantage of this situation to turn men's attention to himself as a man more suited to manage affairs than his father.

5-6. 'He put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him.' He was a royal prince, the son of their king, and so was entitled to the respectful salutations of the people. But Absalom with seeming graciousness and condescension, threw such formality aside and he himself saluted with a mark of special favor every man who approached to render obeisance to the king's son. Such servile conduct is seen in the unprincipled politician of our day, who wants to be 'solid with the people,' and the people in large numbers respond to just such insincere and shallow trickery.

'So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.' The plan worked successfully in his day, just as it does now. He won Israel by his wiles away from loyalty to the king, so that the way might be prepared for open rebellion.

7-9. 'I pray thee, let me go and pay my vow,' etc. After a period devoted to making himself popular and stealing men's hearts from the king, Absalom seems to have decided that the time for decisive action was at hand. To allay the suspicions of the king, he assumes a religious air, and asks formal permission to go down to Hebron, to pay a vow.

10-12. 'But Absalom sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel,' etc. His secret agents went everywhere preparing the people for open revolt, and arranging the final plans. It has been supposed that the reference to trumpets means that a line of trumpeters had been stationed through the country and within hearing of each other, so that the signal for uprising might be quickly given everywhere.

'Two hundred men,' from Jerusalem had been especially invited to go with Absalom, without knowing his real purpose. Evidently the secret had been carefully guarded at the capital. They were doubtless picked men, upon whom the king would have relied when the emergency presented itself, but who would thus be absent from the city. Moreover, Absalom doubtless hoped to win many of them.

'Ahithophel the Gilonite.' David's counsellor.' This man was the grandfather of Bathsheba, whom David had wronged, and may have thus had little love for his king. Moreover, he was a man of rare good judgment. See II. Samuel xvi., 23. Having taken these steps 'the people increased continually with Absalom,' and the rebellion had begun.

The next lesson is 'David's Grief over Absalom,' II. Samuel xviii., 24-33. Read the text between the present lesson and the next one.

## C. E. Topic

Sunday, Nov. 1.—Topic—Great men of the Bible: what David teaches us. I. Samuel xvi., 11-13; Ps. xix., John vii., 42.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

### LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Monday, Oct. 26.—A kind farmer. Ruth ii., 15, 16.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.—A kind woman. Josh. ii., 15, 16.

Wednesday, Oct. 28.—A kind maiden. Gen. xxiv., 14.

Thursday, Oct. 29.—A kind widow. I. Kings xvii., 12-15.

Friday, Oct. 30.—A kind mother. II. Kings iv., 8.

Saturday, Oct. 31.—A kind Samaritan. Luke x., 33-35.

Sunday, Nov. 1.—Topic—Little kindnesses we can do in Jesus' name. Matt. xxv., 34-40.

## How to Hold a Sunday-school Class.

('The Evangel.')

A little boy standing by a cage, holding a beautiful white rabbit in his hand, replied to my question: 'What are you doing?' 'This rabbit got out in some way, and I am trying to find out where, so that I can put it in the same way that it got out.' Seemingly a commonplace answer, yet how much of common-sense it contains! There are boys and girls, young men and young women, roaming at large in thousands and tens of thousands all over our land every Sunday. They were once in Sunday-school. They have gotten out. How are we to get them back? Is there not a suggestion in the little boy's answer?

If teachers shake their heads dubiously and say, 'A pretty hard thing to get scholars back again when once they get away,' then let me add another little incident. A friend was carefully bending the wires of a bird cage when I came to see him. As he greeted me, he said: 'One of my birds got out of the cage and escaped to-day, and I thought that it was wise, before trying to capture it, to fix the cage so that the others cannot escape in the same way.' Here is the point at which we are aiming. It is not easy to bring back scholars who have been out of school for any length of time; but is it not the part of the highest wisdom to study how they got away in order that we may prevent others following their example?

Therefore to teachers whose scholars have reached the age when many influences unite to win them from Sunday-school, I would say: Be thoroughly inquisitive in regard to each one who has left. Make a careful post-mortem examination that you may learn how to prescribe for those who are still living in the school, and that the science of teaching may be benefited by your observations. To use another figure, if you would hold the sheep that are still within the fold, try to find out what induced the wandering sheep to break out, or how the wolves broke through and dragged them out.

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## Little Bell's Verdict.

(Carrol King, in 'Temperance Leader.')

John Braid lay propped up on his pillows of softest down, and looked round the richly-furnished room, and into the glowing red heart of the fire with eyes that saw nothing. A black shadow had fallen athwart his spirit, and it had blotted out the very sunshine of Heaven for him—the shadow of approaching death. After the consultation with the eminent city specialist, on the afternoon of that very day, his own doctor had told him tenderly enough, but unmistakably, to set his house in order, for he must die and not live, and that within a very few months. He could not realize it. His illness did not cause him much actual pain—only uneasiness, and daily-increasing weakness. And he was not such a very old man—only sixty-seven, full of business schemes, as able to conduct his great establishment as ever he had been, and yet—this one dread Presence he had 'not' planned for.

'The Shadow, cloaked from head to foot,
That holds the key of all the creeds.'

He heard a faint sound from the muffled door-bell, and immediately after his pastor was at his bedside, with warm hand grip and face full of sorrowing sympathy.

'I met the doctors,' he explained, 'and they told me the truth—I pressed for it. I am most truly sorry, Mr. Braid.'

'Are you?' said John Braid, looking at him with eyes of keen intelligence. 'Then sit down there, where I can see your face, and let me hear what comfort you can give and what information regarding this—unexpected future.'

'Certainly; I am glad to do it,' said the minister, taking the chair indicated by the imperious pointing finger. 'The comfort is full and rich; the information is somewhat misty to the eye of sense—even St. Paul could only see through a glass darkly, you know, but——'

He read from a pocket Bible the beautiful opening verses of the fifteenth chapter of John, but the sick man fidgeted restlessly.

'Oh! don't go on,' he broke forth at last. 'I learned that and the following—the "true vine" chapter—and repeated them to my mother on Sabbath evenings in our country home, when I was twelve years of age. There is no comfort there for me.'

'How no comfort?' said the astonished pastor.

'There is none,' repeated the old man deliberately, 'for I have not fulfilled the conditions. Man, I can bring as clear a business-trained brain to bear on that as I have done on my ledgers. He says—"No life for the branch except it abide in the vine," and common-sense tells me that. He says, "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch withered—cast into the fire and burned;" and that, too, is reasonable—just what I should do with useless rubbish. So, leave that Book alone for a minute, and give me your own ideas. If you had suddenly to assume the sole charge of my great breweries and distilleries, and I had to go into your study and get up a couple of sermons per week, and a few stock thoughts and pet phrases for general use, and so forth, how would you set about getting up your knowledge of the new start? This, to me, is as violent a change as that could be to either of us.'

'But surely, Mr. Braid,' said the perplexed pastor, 'you have been a religious man all your life? You have done more for the poor of our church than——.'

'Nay—stop,' said the old man grimly, 'I want no glamor here. I did nothing for the poor! I parted with a good deal of superfluous cash that did not cost me the less by a single glass of champagne, but the work was done by proxy, and to the proxy goes the reward! Think again, sir.'

'There was a poem I learned off by heart, and took the prize for reciting at school,' he continued, dreamily, 'and it comes by snatches now, since I have heard that my record must so soon be handed in:—

"God bends from out the deep, and says—
I gave thee this great gift of life—
. . . . . .
I gave thee of My seed to sow,
Bringest thou now My hundredfold?
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer—"Father, here is gold?"'

The minister turned over the pages of the Book silently. 'Mother did not want me to go into the drink business—in fact, I promised her I would not, but she was dead, and my father's brother—a millionnaire—tempted me, and said I had business abilities, and—he was very kind, too. I married his daughter, became his successor in business, and inherited his wealth. I have thrown all the force of my being into the business, and now—I don't seem to catch on to your platitudes about "the Comforter" and the "many mansions," because you see it will be no comfort to me to meet with God, about whom I never troubled myself when in health.'

Again there was a long pause, which the reverend gentleman broke by asking, half-diffidently—

'What about your daughter, Mr. Braid? I hope you will send for her now? Can I do——'

'No, sir,' said the old man placidly, 'for it is done. I have sent her a wire—the first communication between us for thirteen years, but I know it will bring her.'

'She had left your home before I came to this charge.'

'Yes; she is my only surviving child,' John Braid said sadly; 'but I won't receive her husband—he's a fool! Presumed to tell me, sir—me!—that it would mean disloyalty to Christ's kingdom to take the post of manager in my counting-house, with a most liberal salary, and rising prospects! He actually said he should like to see every brewery and distillery swept off the face of the earth! There's a Christian for you!'

Slowly and timidly the door handle turned, and John Braid fixed eager eyes on it. A graceful child entered—a quaint, dainty little maiden of ten summers—and advanced shyly to the bedside. She held out her little hand. 'Grandpa,' she said, timidly, 'mother cannot come till to-morrow afternoon, so she sent me to tell you, and to stay with you till she comes.'

The old man's hand closed on hers, and the eyes devoured her face eagerly.

'So you are my grandchild? What is your name?'

'Isabel Braid Cairney, but they always call me "little Bell," because mother is "Bell," too.'

'I see—little Bell. Did she tell you that I am—dying?'

'She said you were going to Jesus,' said little Bell, looking wistful, 'and we all prayed before I came away that Jesus would make you glad—glad to meet him.'

Her grandfather glanced at the minister.

'You speak as if he were somebody you knew, little Bell, who lived in the next street.'

'Why, grandpa, he lives far nearer than the next street,' she said, with a quick, glad smile. 'He lives in our house.'

John Braid looked at her steadily.

'Do you know anything of the Home—the place prepared—of the future life at all?'

'Yes,' she answered simply. 'My little sister Dora is there, and mother tells us about Home.'

The minister rose to go, and a smile was on his lips as he shook hands with his friend.

'"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,"' he said softly—'You have found your informant, Mr. Braid, and who can doubt that she has been sent?'

John Braid only nodded silently, and the minister went away.

'Take that high chair, little Bell,' said John Braid to the little maiden, 'and tell me all you know about the far country?'

'I can tell you more about Jesus,' she said. 'He is getting it ready for us, you know——'

'I don't know,' he interrupted hastily. 'How do you get to know and trust him?'

'Why—you just love him,' she said, looking very wistful again. 'You can't help loving him.'

'Could you give him your gold? and your business?' he asked, drily.

'Yes,' she said, eagerly, 'father asks him every day to bless him in his business.'

'Aye—but what about mine, little Bell?'

'Give it all to him,' she said earnestly. 'He will make it a blessing if you do.'

'Look at me, little Bell. Do you know what my business is—or has been?'

'No, grandpa, indeed I don't.'

'I make—and sell—whiskies, brandies, wines, ales, all kinds of intoxicating liquors,' he said, watching her face, which grew very serious.

'Dear grandpa, I'm very sorry,' she said, sweetly. 'No—Jesus couldn't take that—there is no blessing in it. Father prays every day that God would destroy all hindrances to his kingdom on earth, and I know he thinks that the worst.'

'Then what am I to do, little Bell?' asked the old man mournfully, opening his heart and its anxieties to the child in spite of himself.

'You must just begin at the beginning, grandpa—he will know what to do with everything when you give yourself to him, and say—"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all, but Jesus Christ is my all-in-all," and then—he'll teach you.'

'And all my long life-work, little Bell?'

'He says some people's works must be burned,' she said seriously, 'but they themselves shall be saved "as by fire," so you can trust him to do right, grandpa, with your life-work.'

'Strange! Strange!' he said musingly. 'Intellectual knowledge is valueless here! It is a thing of the heart, not the head, and a child can understand it, while I——,' he sighed mournfully again, 'over a wasted life,' that had grovelled when it might have soared Godward.

Yet the little child became the minister of God to his world-calloused heart, and led him, empty-handed, with 'nothing but leaves,' to that all-loving one who saves to the uttermost all who come unto him 'as little children.'

## Little by Little.

God broke our years to hours and days, that
Hour by hour and day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future strife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,—we could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep—
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the hour.

Strong drink is to-day as ever the deadly enemy of mankind. Total abstinence is the only way of safety. Teachers cannot too strongly impress upon their scholars the importance of resisting the first temptation to partake of the cup of death.

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# Correspondence

FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

1. Beloved of God.
2. Whose praise is not of men, but of God.
3. Who against hope believed in hope.
4. We also should walk in newness of life.
5. More than conquerors.
6. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.
7. Recompense no man evil for evil.

These are all in Romans.

SUCCESSFUL TEXT HUNTERS.

(For passages in Psalm cxix.)

Mamie McQueen, 11. May Hitchcock, 9. Euphie A. Mackay, 11. Robert McCallum, 14.

(For text in Daniel.)

Jessie Burgess, 10. Robert Cameron, 9. Grace Cameron, 11.

SUCCESSFUL SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

(For Bible Characters.)

Robert Cameron, 9. Hazel E. Spence, Grace Cameron, 11. Robert Scott, 8.

South Whycocomagh, C.B.

Dear Editor,—As I never wrote to you before, I thought I would now. First I will tell you how I came to take the 'Messenger.' A friend of mine had taken it for some time. Often she would send me some copies to read. I became very much interested in them, so I sent for the paper. I think it is a very nice little paper. We live on a farm, but my father is a captain and my mother has been a cripple from rheumatism for four years. I have three sisters and two brothers. My eldest sister is married, and the other two are in the United States. We have no school here this term. I like school very much.

JESSIE MARIA C. (age 14).

Brightside, S.D.

Dear Editor,—I am now going to write to you to tell you who I am and what I am doing. I am twelve years old, and I will be thirteen on the twenty-fifth of December. I am going to school now, but I have been staying at home nearly all the first part of the summer. I am in the fourth book. There are very few coming to school now, as it is harvest. We are having bad harvest weather. It is raining nearly every day. We have in a big crop this year of wheat, oats, and barley. We are building a big house this year, which will contain fourteen rooms; and then there is the basement, which is very large. So you know we have lots of men to cook for. I can sweep, dust, bake bread, milk, scrub, make butter and mix it, too, or anything there is to do in the house. I can harness a horse, too. There are six of us in the family, and mother and father. I expect to go to school this winter; but I never intend to be a teacher. I am either going to be a nurse or a dressmaker. I like sewing very much. I had good luck with my chickens and turkeys this year. I like looking after fowls. Now I think I shall close, as I can think of no more just now. ETHEL S. (age 12).

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Treatment of the Aged.

It is to be regretted that in many of our homes reverence is not more widely cultivated and reverence for the aged, in whose steps we are hastening and who should be surrounded by the heart's warmest expressions of gratitude and love. Children should be taught by example, for they are apt imitators and note the look of displeasure at some remark or act as readily as the unkind word. This incident, in an exchange, well illustrates the real suffering endured by the thoughtlessness of the family circle:

'How far father is behind the times,' said a young lady to a number of guests whom she was entertaining. The call for the particular remark was the innocent passing of the cake by the aged man ere the plates had been removed. Ice cream was to be served with the cake, and the young woman was very much chagrined that there should be any 'break' in the form of her table service. The expression on the face of the father was pitiable. He was deeply conscious of having offended in the presence of company, although, as he confidingly said to me afterward, he only intended to look after the needs of the guests. The fact is that that young woman offended every guest present at the table. Her treatment of her aged father was as uncalled for as it was unkind. She stung her guests to the quick with her sharp words, and each of them felt less kindly toward her and sympathetic for the father. One of the guests said in reply to her remark, 'Oh, we are all pleased to know that we have the cake, even if we do not get the ice cream; possession, you know, is nine points of the law.' With a smile through a tear the old man looked his gratitude.

Another guest witnessing a similar scene thus describes it:

'Oh, father, don't! I have seen that all are properly helped.' The old man, thus reproved, replaced the butter dish upon the tea-table while a pained look settled about his silent lips. But he so wanted to be helpful that presently he laid hold of the cake plate and would have set it in circulation.

'Oh, father, don't! No one is ready for that yet; do leave me to attend to things.'

Reluctantly the trembling hand released its hold. It was very hard to find himself of no use anywhere.

'I thought they might be ready,' he murmured, with a deprecatory glance toward the daughter who sat straight and solemn with a frown of displeasure wrinkling her brow. It annoyed her to have her father show himself so far behind the times in methods of table service; to have him, despite her oft-repeated instructions and admonitions, relapse into the simple, unconventional ways of a long outgrown age. It fretted her to have him vary in the slightest degree from the latest established modes of etiquette. She failed to realize that he was her most deserving, heaven-sent guest, forgetting that

' . . . If old age were cancelled from our lot,
Life's busy day would want its tranquil even,
And earth would lose her stepping-stone to heaven.'

—'North Christian Advocate.'

## One Mother's Plan.

A correspondent of the 'American Mother' writes as follows:—

'I have often read articles against paying children for work, and also against fining for anything. I am going to confess that I have done both, and I want to ask your opinion.

'When my children were quite small, about five and seven, I had to put them to washing dishes and helping what they could, on account of my own health being very poor at that time. I did not like to do it, but could get no help. I knew it would not hurt them, as they are large and strong. As so many dislike washing dishes, and also as an inducement to do it well, I gave them a penny for washing and a penny for wiping. They can do the dishes quite well now, do not particularly dislike the work, and still get their pay. They do not have to do them all the time now, as my health is better. That is all the regular work they get paid for. They are good children to help, and never seem to think of wanting pay for other work, and often don't keep account of this. It was in the agreement that they were to keep an account of it, and get paid at stated times; if they did not, then no pay. When they want a little money, then for a while they will be careful to keep account. When not in need of any, they are not so careful and the oldest one is getting a notion the last few days that he does not want pay for washing dishes. They both like to help about housework, especially cooking, and if I am tired or not very well, want me to lie or sit down, and they'll do the work. Now as to the fining. The two faults we are trying to cure are "putting things in their right places and obeying the first time they are spoken to." The children and I have talked it all over, and together have tried to decide on something to help them remember, for they seem anxious to do better whenever we talk it over, only they say they just forget. They, as well as I, thought that it had better be something they did not like to do, for that would get them where they would remember quicker; so we decided to try a fine of a penny each time anything was left out of place or when they had to be spoken to twice before obeying. I think that is working as well as anything I know of now, but if you can suggest something better, I will be glad to try it. When they have to pay a fine, I know I feel as sorry as they. Now I want you to understand there are no hard feelings between us about the fines, but perfect harmony and good will.'

## Baby.

A laughing face, a little nose,
Two cheeks as red as any rose—
That's baby.

Nice curly hair just like some gold,
Two dimpled hands which I enfold—
That's baby.

Two pretty lips for me to kiss,
And every morning never miss—
That's baby.

Two eyes of blue which dance with fun
As soon as ever day's begun—
That's baby.

Two sturdy legs which toddle fast
To meet dear father home at last—
That's baby.

A little rogue to laugh and shout,
That mother would not be without—
That's baby.

—F. S., in 'Our Little Dots.'

## Selected Recipes

Beefsteak Stewed without Water.—Get three or four pounds of rump steak, cut about an inch thick; put an ounce of butter in a fryingpan large enough to hold your steak, and let the butter melt without browning; wash the steak quickly in cold water and put it in the frying-pan, covering closely. As soon as it is thoroughly heated, season with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of white pepper; then push the pan back on the stove where it will simmer—not boil—keeping it covered all the time and a weight on the cover. It will be found to be cooked and perfectly tender in an hour and a half. Put on a hot dish, and add half a tea-cup of tomato or two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup to the gravy in the pan, and pour it over the steak.

Alexander Pudding.—Four thin slices of stale bread and butter, half pint of milk, one egg, one lemon, and a dessertspoonful of castor sugar. Well butter a small pudding basin (to hold a pint), fill loosely with bread and butter on which the sugar and grated lemon rind have been sprinkled; beat the egg and mix it with milk, and pour the custard over the bread. Twist a piece of greased paper over the top, and steam gently for an hour. Serve with any nice sweet sauce.

Sweet Biscuit.—To one pound of flour add one-fourth pound of butter, beaten to a cream, five ounces of loaf sugar and five eggs, beat the whole well for half an hour, and pour the biscuits on tins, each one a large spoonful. If not sufficiently thin and smooth when worked together, add another egg or a little milk.

# AUTUMN OFFERS.

## FOUNTAIN PEN FREE!

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You can get this pen very easily by showing this copy of the 'Northern Messenger' to your friends. Take their subscriptions at the rate of 10c each to the end of the year. Twelve subscriptions at this rate make $1.20. Send us the $1.20 and we will send you the fountain pen free, and will send the 'Messenger' every week to the end of the year to each of your 12 friends, who must be New Subscribers.

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## Teach Honesty.

Between married people, says an American paper, there should be entire confidence on the subject of money, and a wife should be her husband's adviser as to the home expenditures. Indeed, a wife who is intelligent and clear-sighted should incite her husband to thrift, rather than tempt him to foolish extravagance. And this she generally does.

In home education, from the earliest years, children should be trained to the most irrefragible honesty. No tampering with the funds of others should be suffered in the household. No borrowing which is, in a sense stealing, as all surreptitious borrowing must be, should ever be permitted. We need to make Bible morality foundational in our home training, and more than ever, should insist on bringing up the new generation in the fear of God.

### NEW INVENTIONS.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Canada—Nos. 83,270, John Miller, Montreal, P.Q., seam dampener; 83,298, Wm. M. McCallum, Amherst, N.S., core-making machine; 83,318, Messrs. E. Michaud & C. Desjardins, Montreal, Que., attachment for water gauges; 83, 323, Joseph Lesperance, Montreal, P.Q., daylight plate developer.

United States.—Nos. 739,387, Joseph F. Cailyer, St. Henri, Montreal, snow plough; 739,814, Arthur Beauvais, Laprairie, Que., plough; 739,976, Stanislas Beauregard, Montreal, Que., nail-making machine; 740,687, Albert O'Connor, Ennismore, Ont. seeding machine.


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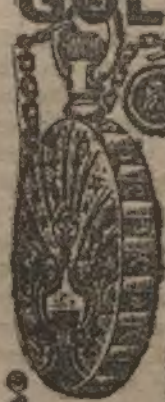

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